

Nursing Service is not extended to the Prisons for men, and where there are no nurses there can be "no nursing in the true sense."

A poignant film in which the principal part is taken by Miss Pauline Frederick will be "Dawn," which Mr. Herbert Wilcox is to produce, and Captain Reginald Berkeley is writing, dealing with the story of Edith Cavell.

The film critic of the *Evening Standard*, who recently visited with them the spots associated with her life and death, gives the following interesting information as to their experiences:—

Our driver, chosen purely by chance, became aware of the nature of our pilgrimage from the course we took. Presently he volunteered a remark: "I was chauffeur to Dr. Depage before the war," he said.

The coincidence was dramatic. It was Dr. Depage, of Brussels, who took Edith Louisa Cavell from London because at that time, such is the incredible assertion, there was not a certificated nurse in Belgium. Dr. Depage thus became the instrument of Edith Cavell's lifework, which came in turn to be the means of her death—and that was nobler still.

They founded the Berkendael Institute, which, with the war, became a Red Cross hospital, and, until the Germans found it all out, a centre of the work of smuggling wounded and derelict English and French soldiers across the frontier.

We visited the institute, which has been enlarged and rebuilt, and suggests an English cottage hospital. The nurses, too, are exactly like English nurses, except for the slippers. The matron referred us to Mlle. Kool, who keeps a *pension* a few streets away. She was described as an intimate of Nurse Cavell, as one who had seen her the night before the tragic dawn of October 12, 1915.

Mlle. Kool received us in the little drawing-room of her large and quiet home. She is old, frail looking, reserved, and very, very gentle.

No, she could not say she was Edith Cavell's greatest friend.

"I helped her," she said simply. "The letters used to be left here."

"It is a long time ago," Mlle. Kool explained, as she sought to remember. Little by little the story was pieced together.

"The first time the Germans went to the hospital to make a search they found her helping in the operating room. The officer in charge of the search refused to complete his task, and went away. When the Germans returned the papers had gone. . . .

"Once I went to see her. 'Are any of them here?' I asked. 'Five,' she replied. They were hidden in different rooms."

How were "they" got away, we wondered. The reply surprised us. Schoolboys, it seemed, were the links in the chain of the organisation. They used to take the smuggled soldiers and lead them to the appointed rendezvous. Mlle. Kool smiled at the thought of the children chattering to their protégés, who often could not understand a word. There was a pause. Then:

"When she was arrested, those who had worked with her came to me and asked for papers and letters. They were anxious. I said, 'You cannot have them. I

have burned them.' That is what she always told me to do, and I kept a bottle of spirit for that purpose.

"This is how she used to walk," she cried. Erect, with hands to sides and head thrown a little back, gazing at something unseen as Edith Cavell gazed into the Unknown. She took a few gliding steps across the room—a transformed, heroic figure, ablaze with purpose.

"*Tout-a fait type Anglais*" was all she said.

Later in the day a Belgian told me that when the remains of Nurse Cavell were removed after the war the crowd which assembled to pay her homage was only equalled by that which welcomed King Albert on his return to his capital.

A correspondent writes of the Annual Camp of the Nurses Missionary League held at Sandsend.

"Camp!" Does the word make you shiver? There certainly was a great deal of rain, but Normanby House, Sandsend, was a substantial and comfortable home, and nothing could damp the spirits of the eighteen campers housed therein. On our fine days we made full use of our time for visiting some of Yorkshire's beauty spots—Whitby Abbey and old church, Robin Hood's Bay, Rievaulx Abbey and the Beggar's Bridge at Glaisdale. Even when it was wet, there were tramps along the sands and opportunities for watching the glorious breaking waves; and none of us will soon forget sitting on the seawall at 5.30 a.m. to see the eclipse, or the excitement of our one glimpse of it as the clouds broke, and the weird oncoming darkness.

Our party came from varied spheres of work, districts in town and country, hospitals in different parts of England and Scotland, and the vast variety of missionary work in Africa, China and India. It was a fine opportunity for hearing all sorts of intimate details about the work overseas—the training of Chinese Nurses, and the rapid developments in the training of African Midwives in Uganda, the work during plague and small-pox epidemics and the terrible conditions of midwifery work among the women and child-wives of India. It gave us afresh a glimpse of the tremendous need—a need which only the trained nurses of the West can meet.

Another side of the Camp programme consisted of the daily morning prayers when we received most helpful messages from St. John's Gospel; the occasional Bible Circles in which we discussed most informally "The Sermon on the Mount," and the short evening devotional talks. It was indeed a time of happy fellowship, and also of great spiritual helpfulness, and we all came away refreshed in body, mind and spirit, and very thankful to Almighty God for all that He had been teaching us.

Not the least of the pleasures of these camps are the friendships which are formed between kindred spirits to endure for a life time.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Annual Meeting of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain will be held in London in the third week of November—the date to be determined later.

Any notice which affiliated Associations wish to place on the Agenda should reach the Hon. Secretary, Miss H. L. Pearse, on or before November the 1st, and be addressed to her at the office, National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, 2nd Floor, 39, Portland Place, London, W.1.

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